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the study ; most of the jokes bear upon authors, and hit himself most of all. How much that is fine has he said in the assertion that good and bad authors, by the highest straining of their talents, announce their fall from the attained pinnacle of taste, while they carry beauty and faults to the extremest limits ! and yet this early insight did not warn him against the overstraining of his gifts. How much that was fine did he write first and last upon the squandering of wit ; and yet it was his principle in æsthetics, that fullness of wit is its soul. More justly said Lichtenberg, that wit comes out with honor, only when reason lays the bridle on it, and that one lays upon it this needful crucifixion, in the very fact of using it only when it flows necessarily from the matter in hand. How finely, moreover, did Jean Paul discern the precariousness of the situation in which our German satire then was. Our satirical hunting outfit, says he, is aimed less at the great game than at the inferior hares, hare-brains, coxcombs, and numbsculls. With this insight, he should have taken warning from the example of Rabener. And yet, when one has read through the Greenland Lawsuits, the Devil's Papers, the Palingenesia, and all the extra leaves and intercalary days of the romances, in which Jean Paul's satire persisted, we have run through hardly anything but clear Rabenerish town-gossip, attended mere "auto-da-fés upon trivialities ;" we see the satirist, who is going to bring down heaven to earth, merely tumbling in the thinnest dust. For all great relations, Jean Paul is blind, and does his part towards vouching that all our satire in Germany until now has remained in childhood, that all our satirists belong to that class of whom Voltaire said, they spared the vultures and tore the doves. One thing he did not learn from his Swift, who is far enough from the ideal of a satirist—how he lived into the life, external and internal, of his nation, nor did he feel that *he* could never possibly have lavished such an expenditure of mockery upon the miserable pettinesses of German society, upon the pride of pedigree, upon the women, and dandies, and writers, all which deserved only the deepest pity and silent contempt. And who would have thought of expressing all these bagatelles in such a pretentious manner ? The satirist should be the most popular writer, and these piled-up curiosities of jocoseness, this "wilderness of ideas," this wit of similes, which must, at all cost, be full, rich, and obscure (which is still more the case in the "Selection from the Devil's Papers"—(1789)—than in the Greenland Lawsuits), must naturally cut off before-hand all that effect, for which, however, the satirist should certainly be wholly concerned. He excuses the obscurity in the papers with the plea, that a stream which has run for a time underground, when it comes forth, is still the same stream ; but of what use is the rill, which runs oftener under the ground than above it, and which, when it steals forth, hardly affords us a clear draught ? Neither of these youthful works of Jean Paul was therefore much read, and poverty drove him, for the mere sake of finding a publisher, into the field of romance. And even

with all his subsequent satires, he has not so much as succeeded in getting his Kuhschnappel named beside Krähwinkel, any more than Siebenkäs's liver-colored frock could supersede the blue one of Werther. This arose from the trivialty of the subjects quite as much as from the oddity of the style ; and the narrowness of their knowledge of the world and men, the want of insight into public relations, render these, like all our satires, insignificant. In Siebenkäs, the papers are ascribed to that personage, and Leibgeber praises them as heavenly and right good and perhaps passable, wondering that an advocate (or candidate) in a provincial town should have written such pure satires. *This alone*, however, of itself, accounts for his having written them, for they are neither pure, nor heavenly, nor even passable. And how did the youth happen to fall upon satire, of all things ? It admits, perhaps, being learned in so far as the satirist must become acquainted by examination with the material ground upon which he would build his works ; but that requires time and ripe understanding, and if Jean Paul justly demanded that no one should write a romance before he was thirty years old, much less should he have written such "juvenile juvenalia" in his nineteenth.

Conclusion in the next number.

ON COLOR AND TASTE.

SIR J. GARDNER WILKINSON, who is distinguished in the world of English literature, by an excellent work on Egyptian Antiquities, has lately issued a book entitled, "On Color, and the necessity for a general diffusion of Taste among all Classes." The book is written for the edification of the English people, but is not less adapted to the instruction of the American people. The author states that his countrymen possess but little natural sentiment for color, or if they once had it, it is now "lost ;" and again, that they are not remarkable for taste. Here are two assertions, the truth of which is easily recognized by everybody familiar with England and the English. If further evidence is required to sustain them, let doubters study objects that have any pretension to the display of color or taste in this country, where the Anglo-Saxon race and characteristics predominate. Examine our streets, churches, manufactures, private houses, and public monuments, and see if there be not always some defects of plan, or design, or decoration, which prove the absence of taste. If a commanding site for a public edifice is secured, the building itself is conspicuous for ugliness ; if a monument is reared, it turns out either an offence or a burlesque, or its effect is destroyed by clumsy accessories ; when we employ stained glass in churches, we do it without considering the limitations of the material, and paint figures that ought never to be painted except upon canvas ; when we select furniture, we buy for apartments fifteen by twenty-five, mirrors, chairs, chandeliers, buffets, and curtains, adapted only for palatial saloons ; we cover floors with carpets on which geometrical figures appear so forcibly relieved that we are

in constant fear of stumbling, or we are obliged to crush out flowers, or tread upon dogs, stags, and sleeping tigers; we fill our parlors with trinkets; we decorate walls with absurd frescoes; if we possess genuine art, the windows are muffled in upholstery, so that no light can penetrate to it, and to perpetuate outside the gloom or the glare of the domicile within, we build exteriors of dull brown stone which reflects no light, or of dazzling white marble, that almost put our eyes out in the sunshine. Such is taste in this country, and well calculated is the work we have in hand to teach us better things, as well as the English.

One of the chief merits of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's book is his repudiation of *theories*. He says:

It is not by forming a theory on some fanciful basis, that a perception of the harmony of colors is to be acquired. Like a correct ear for music, it is a natural gift. Theory will not form it, as theory will not enable any one to detect a false note. The power depends on the perceptive faculty, and unless any one possess this, he will vainly attempt to lay down rules for the guidance of others. . . . The Italians have a remarkable perception of true proportion, but they did not learn it from a theory, nor do they teach it by rules. . . . Mr. Ruskin observes that composition is unteachable, and "no one can invent by rule, though there are some simple laws of arrangement." . . . It is useless to pretend to write a grammar before the language is understood; and languages were spoken long before grammarians laid down their rules. In like manner, poetic genius was never obtained by theory; the beauty of proportion and of form, and various harmonious effects, have been appreciated at all times; and the mark is lit by an arrow or a ball, without any acquaintance with the curve of a parabola. Again, we hear a sharp sound more readily than a deep one, without having first to understand the nature of quick and slow vibrations; and we know whether the perfume of a flower is sweet without having to wait for a theory of scent. . . . We want *experience* and *facts*, not *conclusions* derived from *uncertain premises*; and it too often happens, when speculations are allowed to interfere, that the judgment is warped, and practice is made to conform to preconceived notions as erroneous as they are arbitrary. We are too apt to substitute memory for *observation*, and to teach by rote rather than by conviction, or the contemplation of good examples.

Some of the current fanciful theories are demolished, so far as they are held to be of any practical use; such as the rules based upon the decomposition of light by the prism; those dependent upon the resolving of the primary colors into white, when whirled around on a surface held up before the eye. The poetical theories, the worst of all, are explained away, one of which is the following:

. . . . *because* the grass which grows at our feet is green, this color should be placed at the lower part of a wall; while the brown earth being below the grass, brown is required to be in a still lower position; and by a parity of reasoning, the sky claims for blue the most exalted place in the interior of a colored building. As *similes*, these relative positions of the earth and sky are unobjectionable; but the moment they are put forth as *reasons* for the arrangement of their respective colors, they are inadmissible; for though blue demands a pro-

minent place in a ceiling, this is not *because* the sky is blue; cold transparent colors are of use in that position, as they tend to give suitable lightness to the upper parts of a room; and it is well known how a proper selection and disposition of colors may convey an impression of additional height, when required, and accord with the gradations of distance, and other necessary conditions.

Passing the subject of *theories*, so amply illustrated, we extract two passages of more practical importance. The first is on the effect of color by light of candles, gas, etc.:

Colors, by light of candles or a lamp, and in the day, appear very different, and it is therefore necessary in ornamenting an interior to provide for this change. The reds, by borrowing some of the yellow light, approach nearer to scarlet, crimson looking brighter than in the day; dark blues, by absorbing so much light, appear almost black; and there is often a difficulty in distinguishing between *light blues* and green. The same carpet, therefore, which looks well by daylight may lose much of its effect at night; while another, which has not so good an effect by day, may even appear more brilliant by candle-light. This will depend on the tone and assortment of the colors, and it is always a matter for consideration whether an interior is required to have its best effect by day or night. The fact is, of course, well known to ladies in the choice of their evening dresses; but it must also be attended to in furniture and wall decorations. Blues, to look well by candle-light, should be of a light tone; and if a dark blue *must* be used, it should have another of a lighter tone in its immediate vicinity, or be interspersed with white. A bright green in conjunction with blue will also aid in lighting up the pattern, and green is therefore useful for increasing the effect of a carpet or other colored work by candle-light, by preventing the blues giving it too dark an appearance. Green may even be employed for subduing the effect of red, and a carpet may have more green, when the furniture of a room is light-colored. Certain hues of green may also be allowed to cover the walls of a whole room (especially when pictures are to be placed on the walls, for which a plain tea-green is well adapted, as is a red with a slight tinge of crimson); but then a number of other colors should not be introduced in the curtains, carpets, and other accessories. Green accords admirably with gold, but a combination of numerous colors, with a large mass of green, is seldom agreeable; and if a pattern be introduced on a green wall paper, it should rather be of another tone of green, and of subdued force; and a dark green should not be placed on a light-green ground. Still less should a dark-green ground be spotted over with other colors. A cerise red may, however, be combined with a mass of tea or other green of similar hue, as a *border* to it, or to the draperies in the same room; and a green may sometimes be used with gold on certain *grounds*, in combination with other colors which could not harmonize with green without the gold.

The next extract is of importance to those whose eyes are made weak by reading or writing; it treats of the employment of colored papers for printing, and the effect of various colored inks upon tinted papers. People who read American books only, ought to know that American printing is one thing, and English printing is another; the former is generally a muddy and feeble impression of black on paper, and the latter is clear and genuine black. The

same experiments, according to the style of printing that prevails here, might not demonstrate the principles of harmonious contrast so forcibly.

The order in which colored papers with black ink are most suited for use, on the score of distinctness, appear to be—

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| 1. White paper with a cream-colored hue. | 7. Light pink tinge. |
| 2. White paper with a bluish tinge. | 8. Light stone-color. |
| 3. Light ochrous yellowish tinge. | 9. Light purplish grey. |
| 4. Light ochrous with warm or redder tinge. | 10. Light bluish grey. |
| 5. Light ochrous, with yellow tinge. | 11. Bright yellow. |
| 6. Light greenish tinge. | 12. Bright pea-green. |
| | 13. Bright yellow orange. |
| | 14. Bright blue. |
| | 15. Vermilion. |
| | 16. Purple. |
| | 17. Carmine-pink. |

White paper with black ink offers, of course, the greatest contrast, and the black is consequently seen more distinctly than on any other colored paper; but it is more fatiguing to the sight than some others, especially in a strong light; and a light tone of ochrous yellow is far more comfortable to the eye for long continued use.

Again, it is not always the hue that accords best with black in the harmonious combination of colors, which is the one to be chosen for the purposes of distinctness and comfort to the eye. Black on blue, for instance, and black on orange, which are very agreeable combinations of color, are not sufficiently distinct; and the contrast of black with many other hues is far more eligible for the type of a printed book, at the same time that it is more agreeable to the eye.

It is not enough to know on what colored paper black ink is most distinct; the selection of that one which fatigues the eye least is a most important question, especially by candle-light. It will then be found that with black ink papers such as No. 3 and 4 are better for long use than No. 1, where the contrast is so much greater and harsher; and even the green of No. 12 would be more comfortable to the sight than Nos. 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, and 17; but the subdued greenish hue of No. 6 would be better than No. 12. The most fatiguing is a red ground, as Nos. 15 and 17; and red, which tries the eye in the day, is far more exhausting by candle-light. A glazed paper should also be avoided.

It is found that (the letters being in black ink) ochrous yellow paper is the best for the eyes by candle-light, though not so perhaps in full daylight. When too yellow, it is trying to the eye. Fawn-color is good in a strong light, but not bright enough in a dull light. Orange yellow is very distinct, but too bright for the eye. Lemon-color is also distinct from contrast, but fatiguing to the sight. Stone-color, of a yellowish tinge, is clear and comfortable to the eye. Light green stone-color is the most agreeable of the green tints. Light grass and pea-green are distinct; other greens not so distinct. Light lilac and lavender are also comfortable to the eye, provided they have not too much blue. Light pink is distinct, but not comfortable to the eye, and better for a dull than a bright light. Red-orange is a contrast which makes the black distinct, but is not comfortable to the eye. Salmon-color is distinct, but trying to the eye. Light ochrous color is better for the eye (as No. 4 above). The black of the ink even changes its appearance on certain colored papers, as on a red and a green ground; and on a yellow-green (or on a pistachio-colored) paper it has a

reddish-brown tinge; so too a red ink on green paper looks russet.

In all cases, when the eye is weak, or when it is much employed by night, the light of lamps or candles should be tempered by covering them with a blue glass shade, in order to obviate the red and yellow rays, and to bring the light as near as possible to that of day; there should also be a sufficient quantity of light to see distinctly, and nothing is more trying to the eye than reading by a dull or insufficient light. But as, in order to overcome the red or yellow rays of a lamp, the blue glass must necessarily have a considerable depth of tone, the loss of light is proportionably great, and such a blue shade takes away one quarter of the light. Light, therefore, should be sought, which has as little as possible of the red or yellow rays; and the whiter gas, requiring a blue shade of a lighter tone, gives a greater quantity of light, without the necessity of increasing its strength in order to overcome the effect of a deeper blue glass.

With regard to other colored inks on various papers, the only one of much value is blue, owing to their being deficient in contrast; except when red is employed together with black ink, to distinguish words on white paper.*

Referring to the book itself for further information concerning the laws and appliances of color, we will give our readers some idea of that portion of the book which relates to Taste. As the purpose of the author is to show "the necessity of a diffusion of taste among all classes," he alludes generally to familiar objects that surround us in domestic life or in public thoroughfares. No object is too insignificant, from the carpet we tread on to the church we worship in; every beautiful fact or idea that we honor in material embodiment is treated of in relation to the form which conveys it to our mind. *Æsthetic* and moral conditions are clearly analyzed, and useful principles deduced, which require but little study to awaken an interest in them. Such a study would give new zest to the somewhat barren field of social pleasure. If any of our readers imagine that Sir Gardner Wilkinson's book will render them better critics of painting and sculpture, they are mistaken—that is to say, so far as an immediate advance of their perceptions and sympathies is concerned; it is intended to direct the eye to beauty and good taste in objects that we have before us in our houses, "in order that the eye may be educated by the habit of seeing what is good." This is the foundation of a refined taste.

The first extract exposes the fallacy that taste is dependent upon wealth:

It is one of the greatest errors to suppose that wealth alone can obtain objects of good taste; it can certainly command the costly, but the selection of the beautiful depends on the judgment; and good proportion, form, and other conditions may be met with in articles of use or ornament without their being necessarily expensive. This should be borne in mind by all who despair of obtaining them because their means are limited. . . . The commonest pottery, worth a few pence, may have far more to recommend it than a splendid Sèvres vase which costs some

* The information given in this extract is procured by the author from a Mr. Babbage who made the investigations and experiments.

hundreds of pounds; and the one may possess real beauty, while the value of the other may consist only in the difficulty of manufacturing it. One may be a work of taste, the other of skill, or caprice, and be, in fact, a mere curiosity.

The public are at fault in the matter of Taste, by not supporting those who manufacture articles in good taste. The author had occasion to search for articles of antique design, and found an artist who made them :

He had copied, with the judgment of a man of taste, the most beautiful Greek vases, and had introduced upon them the graceful and classical designs of our ill-appreciated Flaxman; and any one might have expected that the growing desire for objects of good form would have insured their sale and encouraged his efforts; but, going one day to give him an order for another tazza, I found his shop crowded with the most tawdry, ill-proportioned vases of a different manufacture, each looking as if, while still in a plaster state, it had been pulled up by the neck to increase its length. "What," I asked, "has made you give up good things for bad ones? Have you abandoned all that was in proper taste for a new caprice, or did you only make good things by chance?" "It is not *that*," he said; "these things sell, and I must live. I can find plenty of purchasers for them, and few for the others." What could be said? It was the purchaser here who wanted taste, and as long as the public is deficient in it, vainly indeed may the manufacturer possess it. "But why not," I asked, "have them of good proportion—why so elongated beyond reason?" "This," he said, "it is out of my power to prevent. I buy them; they are made by others, and I must take them as they are; for they are sold *by the height at so much an inch!* and to require the height to be diminished in accordance with the breadth would only be considered a *ruse* to decrease the price."

Further illustration of the same lack of taste in the public is to be found in the next extract :

If the advantages arising from real feeling for the beautiful were better understood at the present day, we should not have decorative art left to the accidental caprices of a mere decorator, nor dependent for so many articles of use which ought to be ornamental, upon the misguided fancy of an uneducated mechanic; nor should we have the hideous lamps, the monstrous tea-urns, or the whole furniture of our tables and of our rooms, which disgrace our civilization. It is really surprising, that among the variety of lamps, tea-urns, inkstands, coffee-pots, cruet-stands, and so-called "ornamental clocks," we can scarcely meet with one which is tolerable in form. But talent will be rare among designers, so long as few are able to judge of the effects of their own compositions, or have any notion beyond "copying from the antique," *because* "it is antique," without entering into the true feeling of the original, or understanding in what its beauty consists. One therefore designs a cup or a tazza, and thinks he has produced a real "Pompeian article," *because* he has put together a certain number of details, totally unconscious that a mere repetition of ornament is not a design, and that the whole, when finished, having no *motive*, is utterly unmeaning. *This putting together of parts merely to form a whole, is indeed the besetting sin of incapable minds.* . . .

In the furniture of our houses examples of similar (combinations) without an object, either for ornament or use, are abundant. Of such a kind are tables with geese or swans striving to thrust their necks against its central pillar, with no

apparent reason unless to turn their less graceful tails to the company.

Of all instances of public bad taste, that of a "committee" may be cited as the worst. We rejoice to see the "committee" directly attacked.

When the model of a monument is proposed by a designer who has real talent, it is not impossible that the *committee* assembled to pronounce upon it may be incapable of forming an opinion on the matter. Thus it happened that an architect of merit, when requested to give a design for a certain building, was obliged to bow to the decision of an ignorant committee, because they had a preconceived notion that a particular feature was required for every large edifice. Nothing could persuade these worthies that a grand front could exist without a pediment with figures in the tympanum, whether it was Gothic, Elizabethan, or of any other style. In vain the architect represented that in a particular style he had chosen for the building a pediment would be a monstrosity. . . . It was useless: they would not pay their money without one, and it was to be introduced somehow in the most conspicuous position. . . . And *who* was the committee? or *who* is any committee? It has been said of committees, as of other boards, that they "have no consciences." It may be said with equal justice, that they have no individuality; for when a decision is come to by a committee, *who* has decided? No one knows, and no one is responsible for it. The principle is an unsound one. There is no objection to a committee of *consultation*; but every decision ought to be pronounced by *one* person of sound judgment, who should be, and feel that he was, *responsible*; and any one who knew that he would have to answer for a hasty or improper opinion, would take care to obtain and follow the best advice, which too need not necessarily be confined to that of his official coadjutors. Make a man *responsible*, and he will take means to find out what is best; and the simplest mode of selecting him would be by ballot, among the members of the committee itself, who would thus be relieved from the too common habit of giving way to some troublesome, overbearing member of their body, who, being the most busy and tiresome in the inverse ratio of his talents, gets his own way, in opposition to less assuming and more capable men. . . . Sums of money have been thrown away, and the taste of the country degraded, by the doings of "*some person or persons unknown*."

We have no space to give to the author's argument in behalf of the instruction of the people at large, by national museums, public galleries, etc., for the reason that, if not too uncivilized to heed the argument, our people are too busy to carry out the principle in a practical way. We must also pass much valuable information on Greek taste, colossal figures, monuments, forms of vases, furniture, tapestry, ideal beauty, mosaics, architecture, gardens, etc. Here is an extract for the benefit of amateurs of paintings, and of wall papers:

In selecting a paper in coloring the room of a house, whenever pictures are to be introduced, the wall should be of one uniform color, without patterns, as these interfere with the effect of the paintings; and of all grounds for this purpose, a red or a tea-green may be mentioned as the best. No one with any feeling for Art would hang good paintings on a wall covered with flowers, or a figured paper; and I have heard of

an artist who always demanded a larger price for one of his works if he knew its position was to be on a wall so decorated, as if to compensate for the injury done to his painting, and to punish the purchaser for his ignorance. No pictures should be placed on such walls; they are degraded by them; while they, too, interfere with the appearance of a room so decorated. Nor should large paintings be admitted into a small room; still less if they represent the human figure above life-size; and in the decoration of its walls, when without pictures, the patterns should be small, as they would also have the effect of decreasing its apparent size. Bright furniture and hangings of various and rich colors should not be admitted into the same room with paintings; nor should porcelain, or other curiosities—particularly where, from their form or color, they are likely to distract the attention—be allowed to interfere with them. Nor should statues be admitted into a picture-gallery. When looking at paintings, we do not wish to pass from them to the contemplation of sculpture; . . . nor should pictures, differing in style, depth of coloring, and other peculiarities, be contrasted with each other in juxtaposition to their mutual disadvantage.

Many reflections on the growth and decay of Art occur. We quote what is said in relation to portraiture and landscape:

Great injury was done to painting by the false taste of covering a large expanse of canvas with many and enormous figures; but more still by the rage for portraits, which came into greater favor on the decline of Art, of which they were a sign; as Roman busts were of a deficiency of taste for sculpture. For though, as Pliny says, every one appreciates these records of his ancestry, and is curious about the appearance of great men, as Homer and others, such portraits, whether in stone or in painting, have their merit chiefly as mementoes; which is the excuse for very indifferent pictures of "ancestors" holding a place in our modern houses. It is true that portraits of individuals were introduced even into sacred subjects by early and first-rate masters, but in subordinate positions; and there were many of a patron or a friend. They were not, however, the staple of Art; nor were the artists merely portrait-painters, who painted nothing else because the occupation paid well, while it gave little trouble to the mind. And if a Titian, a Vandyck, a Rembrandt, a Velasquez, and others, have left most exquisite portraits, they did not make portrait-painting their *sole* aim; and their portraits are not mere representations of the individuals; they are *real pictures*. The vanity of wealthy patrons increased the evil, while it proved the power of patronage.

Another sign of deterioration in the condition of Art was the undue importance attached to landscape, and to scenes from common life; for which, though great observation and a considerable poetry of treatment were necessary, the same imagination and power of mind were not required. The greatest masters rarely, and never exclusively, occupied themselves upon landscape; and though Titian could treat it so admirably, and others occasionally painted landscapes (not always very successfully), they never allowed their talents to be devoted to it in preference to the higher branches of Art. I do not, however, mean to detract from the merit of those artists who have excelled in landscape, or in any other branch of painting. . . . I allude to the general prevalence of the taste for landscape, which, like portrait-painting, though good in itself, should not be patronized by preference, nor be the loftiest aim of any school.

One more extract, and we have done:

The beautiful is of all styles. But to judge of beauty in Art requires other perceptions besides those necessary for judging of beauty in nature; and any one may be able to appreciate the latter without being capable of perceiving the former. He may admire beauty in a woman, and yet be unable to appreciate that of a statue or a picture. Those, too, who can judge of form may be, and often are, insensible to the harmony of color. Some persons, especially in Italy, are gifted by nature with a greater perception of the beautiful than others, and this gift may be greatly improved by culture. . . . The generality of mankind neither enjoy nor care for it; and it is certain that the uneducated eye understands and welcomes the most simple copies of every-day scenes. Drawing, too, is more intelligible to it than a colored picture. Go one step further, and you find that the ignorant peasant of the Nile, who cannot distinguish in one of our colored paintings a man from a horse, and is puzzled by our shadows and foreshortenings, comprehends all the stiff figures of the ancient tombs; showing that to be the mode of representation natural to the untutored draughtsman; while the other requires study and the cultivation of taste. . . . It has often been asked, "*what is the beautiful?*" and various definitions of it have been attempted; all equally unsatisfactory. . . . It is not only difficult, it is useless to attempt a definition. "The beautiful" may be felt and perceived, not explained by words; and he who does not understand it without a definition will never understand it with one.

We heartily commend Sir Gardner Wilkinson's work. It is the best work on Color and Taste that has been written of which we have any knowledge. There is no metaphysical nonsense about it; no theories, no foregone conclusions, no aim at fine writing, merely to show rhetorical smartness. The author deals with facts, not fancies. The work is not republished in this country, and could not be in a satisfactory shape, for we have not the means of reproducing its illustrations as they ought to be; or, if we have, neither public nor publishers would pay for the extra cost. Anybody who earnestly desires to be enlightened on the subjects treated of by the author, must show his good taste by ordering a copy from England.

THERE are quite as many truths among men as there are errors; as many good qualities as there are bad ones; as many pleasures as pains: but we love to act the censor on human nature in order to exalt ourselves above our species, and to thrive at the expense of those whose respect we are ever trying to purloin. We are presumptuous enough to think we can separate our individual interest from that of our kind, and speak ill of humanity without compromising ourselves. This ridiculous conceit has filled philosophers' books with invectives against human nature. Man, at present, is in disgrace with thinkers, and it is as if all were aiming to see who could charge him with the most vices. Perhaps, however, he is about to reform, and to cause to be restored to him his virtues, for philosophy has its fashions as well as garments, music, and architecture.—*Vauvenargues*.

The greater portion of mankind have grown old in a small circle of ideas, to the roots of which they have never penetrated; there are perhaps fewer false minds than sterile ones.—*Vauvenargues*.